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# THE CHILDREN'S PAPER

OCTOBER 1925

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, LTD.

## The Secret of the Seagull Cliffs

BY ETHEL TALBOT

"THERE'S the spot," quoth Neil, pointing.

The boys were standing at the foot of the cliffs, about a mile from the school. The great rocks rose sheer above their heads for hundreds of feet, looking grim, and gaunt, and grey.

"It's close to that biggest ledge-place that the black-backs nest," said Neil; "I've had the spot pointed out to me ever since I was a kid."

"I say," said Bruce, "I'd like to get a squint at that. And, why, it ought to be quite possible! Over the top by rope would need a bit of nerve, of course, but——"

"You're forgetting the Gorbline Ghost!" Neil was interrupting, when, quite suddenly, the sound of a man's voice behind them made the boys turn.

"You're no' thinkin' of disturbin' them black-backs, young gents, are ye? Ye'd be ill-advised to do so, and so I'm tellin' ye. They're no' canny birds." The voice was grim, almost sinister. The eyes of the old beach-comber, who had made his way over the sands on his bare feet while the boys had been gazing upwards, gleamed with eagerness.

"Why, if it isn't Old Steve himself!" shouted Neil, no whit abashed. "I say, Steve, we're on the track of you. These chaps from my school want to get a snap of a black-back at home. What's your advice? And could you give them a helping hand in reaching the ledge?"

A strange look crept into the old man's face. "What, sir—I'm hard o' hearing? What? Disturb them black-backs! You'd——" He broke into a torrent of Gaelic, which neither of the town boys could understand. Then, while Neil still listened, after putting in a word or two here and there which, nevertheless, seemed to have no power to stem the flood of emphatic speech, the old man suddenly turned on his heel and pattered away, still muttering angrily to himself.

"I say, what's up? He doesn't seem awfully keen on helping, does he?" remarked Tod, looking rather crestfallen. "What did he say? Sounded

like a regular Highland curse and warning rolled into one."

"That's what it was, more or less." Neil was looking bothered. "He won't help, that's the long and short of it; and he's jolly much against your going. He says you'll be fools if you do. For he says that the black-backs are, one and all, uncanny birds who evidently are endued with the evil eye! And he says no one has ever been there——"

"I don't care about the evil eye of a black-back," remarked Bruce—"not a button! And if no one's ever gone there—why, it's time some one did! What price a bit of pioneer work. And——"

"That's what I told him," interrupted Neil. "No evil eyes or evil beaks will stop *our* chaps," said I, "if they've made up their minds. What *they* want is a good stout rope, and a fellow like yourself to give them a bit of advice about the descent—and down they'll go!"

"Didn't that fetch him?"

"Not it! It seemed to raise his dander. He was muttering awfully as he went off. No, anything we do won't be helped by Steve. In fact——"

"What was it you said just before he left?" broke in Tod. "He seemed jolly grim, and went off muttering."

"Why, I told him that Dad had got a fine rope in our stable; and that, if he wouldn't help us, we'd manage somehow. Must say that seemed to touch him up. And hullo! by the way, we'll do it, too. Let's buck off home and borrow the rope, if Dad agrees." The boys took to their heels.

But Dr. Dewar shook his head at Neil's suggestion. "Glad you mentioned it, son! No, thanks; I've enough patients on my hands as it is. I'll not be a party to any novice-dangling over the cliffs. Even if the black-backs don't possess one single evil eye between them, yet it's pretty certain that there would be some sort of an accident. Old Steve is right."

"He *will* think us duffers. I said we'd wangle it somehow," muttered Neil, rather ruefully. "I said we'd be down to-day." But that was the end of the matter, so far as the Doctor's rope was concerned.

"I've not the right to order the goings of you two," remarked Dr. Dewar to Tod and Bruce. "But I tell you plain that I'll not lend you my rope, nor allow Neil to go near the black-backs. If Old Steve



had offered to teach you, it would have been another thing. Wonder the Head of the school doesn't forbid such pranks!"

"Doesn't think of it! Birds' egg stealing is forbidden, of course," remarked Tod. "But——"

The subject was dropped from the conversation at the Doctor's tea-table. But it was still very prominent in the boys' thoughts. At the end of a ripping evening on the water in the Doctor's boat, Tod and Bruce returned to school feeling that, topping as their exeat had been, one thing had gone wrong.

"D'you know, old chap," said Tod, "I'm as game

might bunk down to the shore in groups at any time after seven and go for a swim. Half an hour's sprinting generally concluded this morning arrangement, and Tod and Bruce were always together for the Sunday morning swim.

"We'll sprint down towards the Gull Rocks," said Tod. "We can't do much, but we'll get a squint at the black-backs anyway." Then, feeling that the future still held possibilities, he turned into his dormer cubicle and slept the sleep of the satisfied, with not a guess of what next day would bring.

\* \* \* \* \*



as ever to get after those black-backs; even more so, I believe. Hope the Doctor won't put it into the Head's brain to put the place out of bounds."

"He wouldn't, would he?" remarked Bruce, staring. "Whew! Well, there's no earthly reason yet why we shouldn't go. But, perhaps, the sooner the better! We've got no rope, but anyway we can go there and get another squint. How about tomorrow, after swimming?"

An early morning swim was the feature of the school Sundays. Boys of middle-school age and over

"Will we do it in the time?" panted Tod, as the pair of them ran along the shoreway. "Brekker's at eight-thirty."

They had cut their swim short, and with towels round their necks were racing like the wind. On one side of them stretched the sea, on the other hand rose the great cliffs; just round the bend were the Gull Rocks. It was a lonesome spot, probably beloved of the black-backed gulls for that reason. Not even a fisherman's hut was within a mile of the place. The inhabitants of the school, perched as it was on the



moor away inland, were the nearest neighbours of the black-backed gulls. "That Old Steve's the only person who knows this end of the beach, so Neil says," panted Tod. "He potters about here. Expect he takes the shore to be his own property. Still, he needn't be so dog-in-the-mangerish—" He broke off suddenly as they turned the corner.

"I say, old chap, tell me I'm not—seeing double, am I? Do I, or do I not, see a rope hanging down over the cliff?"

"There is one," remarked Bruce, "but——"

As they stared up a whole covey of gulls came wheeling and screaming out of the gullery as though in fear. "Black-backs, and in some excitement," said Tod, trying to speak quietly. "Some one's there!—come down over the cliff! Why, old Neil said that no one dared to do it!"

"So did Steve—said the same thing," Tod was beginning, when, crash! down came an egg, spilling yolk unstintingly as it fell plump in their faces. "And—why, there's something else!" shouted Tod. "There, quite close! a bit of rope—noosed!"

"There's no noose-end to the rope that's hanging up there. Why, this bit here is rotten—old as the hills! It's not lain here very long, for it's quite dry; and the tide was up a few hours ago, and would have washed it away. Some one must have ventured down on to the ledge on a rotten rope——"

"And they're there still, then; and there they'll be till they're fetched! Nobody could reach that dangling bit from the ledge. Why, this rotten bit is a yard or so long. Hi! old chap, we'd better sprint to the rescue. Looks as though we'll get near to the black-backs after all!" Bruce tore round the winding path that led up the back of the cliffs. "Let's get to the top and go down to the rescue!"

It was thrilling! What would they find? Whatever it might be they must go, for there was doubtless great need for a rescuer. They were panting like terriers when they reached the top of the cliff. But their eyes glistened at the next discovery. Tied securely round a great tall-pointed crag was the rope.

"Some one's gone down alone," said Tod; "so much is clear. And during the night, too, for that rope must have given way and fallen on to the sand below, so I should say, just as he reached the ledge. Tide's high at midnight, and if it had happened before then the noose-end wouldn't be there now. But——"

"Who's to go first? It's clear that the person down there had a secret reason for going, surely, or they wouldn't have done it at midnight."

"Some one may be lying hurt there. Here, I'll go. But we'll pull the rope up first and test it. Any more rotten parts?"

There weren't. The boys tested every inch. "But it's not long enough to reach the ledge," Bruce went on thoughtfully. "I'd better go down hand over hand, and then jump for it."

"Rot! and break every bone! Take the bathing towels," suggested his chum. "We'll tie them to the broken end, bowline fashion. They'll just reach, with luck. Call up when you get there, old chap."

Hand over hand down he went, the bathing towels giving him the extra necessary inches. A whirl of gulls' wings and a deafening chorus of gulls' cries seemed to envelop him suddenly, and then he was *there*, on the black-backs' ledge, surrounded with an incredible number of eggs, ancient and modern, and the refuse consequent upon generations of gulls! But Bruce's eyes glared with amazement as he saw that the space in the cliff opened out, back and back into a great vaulted cavern! And there, surrounded with casks and chests, bales and barrels, rocking himself to and fro, and evidently in pain, was Old Steve!

"Happen ye saw my rope, laddie," he remarked weakly, but with no show of the surprise and relief he must have felt. "And happen ye'll get help, or——" He finished off his speech by fainting away.

Here was a pretty kettle of fish! Bruce was just about to roar up aloft for help when a roar came to him from above.

"Old chap, coastguard's here! Gone for a rope and men. How's things? Can you wait?"

"Yes; but help's needed," shouted Bruce. Then, carefully if awkwardly, he set to work to render first-aid to the old beach-comber, sparing an instant or two to wonder how everything had come about, and what on earth was the meaning of the barrels and bales!

It took time to unravel everything, too, though the coastguard leaped to the conclusion pretty quickly when he had heard Bruce's story.

"Well, if this isn't just what we've always wondered about! Every one's known for generations that the wreckers used to hide their spoils somewhere by night. But no one guessed except Old Steve here—he's the last of that generation. He must have felt fidgety when he heard that you meant to come and visit the gulls, and he must have come along last night to find out whether you'd kept your word. He's too old for this kind of trick now, and his rope's too old too. It must have given him a bit of a shock, breaking off sheer like that just as he reached the ledge. Aye, his ankle's hurt. There'll be hospital for him, and maybe the county jail afterwards."

But there was no jail for Old Steve. Somehow the Doctor and every one else begged him off, and he lives to-day in his old cottage spinning yarns.





# SMILES

"The happy smiles of the young  
are the sunshine of the old"



THE teacher was asking the class what the opposites were of different words. "Now tell me," she said, "what is the opposite of misery?" "Happiness," said the class. "And of sadness?" she asked. "Gladness," came the answer. "And the opposite of woe?" "Gee up!" roared the delighted class.

Sent in by PHOEBE PRESCOTT,  
National School, Adlington, Lanes,  
to whom a book prize has been awarded.

✦ ✦ ✦

AN Irish farmer came to a city, and saw an electric car for the first time.

"Well, I declare," said he, "I've seen cars driven by horses, and cars driven by steam, but I've never seen one driven by a fishing rod before."

✦ ✦ ✦

LITTLE Tommy stood stiffly in rebellious mood. "I don't want my face washed, Granny," he said.

"Nonsense," said Granny, with the upraised flannel; "why, I've washed my face three times a day since I was a little girl."

"Yes," said Tommy, "an' just look how it's shrunk; it wants ironing."

✦ ✦ ✦

Mrs. Smith. "Have you any ancestors, Mrs. Kelly?"

Mrs. Kelly. "And phwat's ancestors, Mrs. Smith?"

Mrs. Smith. "Why, people you've sprung from."

Mrs. Kelly. "Listen to me, Mrs. Smith. I come from the royal stock of Donoghues that sprung from nobody—they spring at them."

Sent in by JEANIE ROBINSON,  
Ballybracken, Ballynure, Co. Antrim.

✦ ✦ ✦

AN American was boasting to an Irishman about how tall the people in America were. "We've got a man in our country," said the American, "who is so tall that the barber has to put him down a coal-cellar to cut his hair."

"That is nothing," said the Irishman. "We've got a woman in our country who, when she gets her feet wet in January, does not catch cold till December."

Sent in by FRANCES WIGLEY,  
Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge.

✦ ✦ ✦

Teacher. "Can any boy name one thing of importance which did not exist a hundred years ago?"

Bobby. "Me."

Sent in by BRENDA DEAKIN,  
Blanchville School, Rubery, near Birmingham.



LITTLE Willie, aged two, was travelling for the first time in a train. The train entered a tunnel and little Willie exclaimed, "Oh, mummy, where is my eyes?"

Sent in by HILDA BOURNE,  
Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge.

✦ ✦ ✦

URSULA and Priscilla were a sweet old couple, but deaf. One day in the harbour near by a load of dynamite exploded with a terrific roar. The old ladies looked up, and Ursula, the elder, in her quiet, gentle voice, said, "Come in!"

Sent in by JEAN SUMMERFIELD,  
Blanchville School, Rubery, Birmingham.

✦ ✦ ✦

Judge. "You are accused of stealing a gold watch."  
Prisoner. "No, your honour, it's false. In the first place, I didn't steal it; and in the second place, it wasn't gold."

Sent in by GEORGINA A. LOGUE,  
4 Railway Street, Armagh, Ireland.

✦ ✦ ✦

Stout Old Lady (nervous of traffic). "Could you see me across the road, officer?"

Policeman. "Bless you, ma'am, I could see you half a mile off."

Sent in by MOLLY LANDER,  
Blanchville School, Rubery, Birmingham.

✦ ✦ ✦

"WELL, young man," inquired Alfred's godfather, "and how are you getting on at school?"

"Famously, thanks," replied that young hopeful. "The master told me to-day that if all the other boys were like me they might just as well close the school to-morrow."

✦ ✦ ✦

ONE Sunday morning a man was about to throw some pigeons up when he was approached by a passer-by, who remarked, "Excuse me, but how far do your pigeons fly as a rule?"

"Oh, thousands of miles sometimes," replied the man.

"And don't any of them get lost sometimes?" asked the stranger.

"Well," replied the man, "you see, I used to lose one now and then, but I've done away with that now. I've had 'em crossed with parrots, so that when they get lost they can ask the road home."

Sent in by MAURICE BROAD,  
Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge.

✦ ✦ ✦

Little Frank (to porter watering his garden). "There is something on the line."

Porter. "What's that?"

Boy. "My mother's pegs, of course."

Porter (squirting water over Frank). "Hang your clothes up to dry then."



# Common Objects of the Country

## REPTILES

THE first reptile of which we shall treat is the common little lizard that is found in profusion on heaths, or, indeed, on most uncultivated grounds.

It is an agile and very pretty little creature, darting about among the grass and heather, and twisting about with such quickness that its capture is not always easy. Sunny banks and sunny days are its delight; and any one who wishes to see this elegant little reptile need only visit such a locality, and then he will run little risk of disappointment.

There is one feature about it that is rather startling. If suddenly seized, it snaps off its tail, breaking it as if it were a stick of sealing-wax, or a glass rod.



THE COMMON LIZARD.

Several lizards possess this curious faculty, and one of them we shall presently treat.

The food of this lizard is composed of insects, which it catches with great ease as they settle on the leaves or the ground. If captured without injury—a feat that cannot always be accomplished, on account of the fragility of its tail—it can be kept in a fern case, and has a very pretty effect there.

One of the chief beauties of this animal is its brilliant eye; and this feature will be found equally beautiful in many of the reptiles, and especially in that generally hated one, the toad.

In the winter-time the lizard is not seen; for it is lying fast asleep in a snug burrow under the roots of

any favourable shrub, and does not show itself until the warm beams of the sun call it from its retreat.

The next British lizard that I shall mention is one that is generally considered as a snake, and a poisonous one; both ideas being equally false. It is popularly known by the name of the blind-worm, or slow-worm; and is not a snake at all, but a lizard of the skink tribe, without any legs.

The scientific name for it means "fragile snake," and it is called fragile on account of its custom of snapping itself in two when struck.

Only very lately I saw an example of this strange custom, and was the cause of it. Near Dover there is a small wood, where vipers are reported to dwell; and as I was walking in the wood, I caught a glimpse of a snake-like body close by my foot. I struck, or rather stabbed, it with a little stick—for it had the look of a viper about it—and with success rather remarkable, for the very slight blow that the creature could have received from such a weapon, used in such a manner. The viper was clearly cut into two parts, but how or where could not be seen, owing to the thick leaves and grass that rose nearly knee-high.

On pushing among the leaves, I found with regret that the creature was only a blind-worm.

A curious performance was being exhibited by the severed tail, a portion of the animal about five inches long; this was springing and jumping about with great liveliness, entirely on its own account, for by this time the blind-worm itself had made its escape, and all search was in vain.

Some ten minutes or so were spent in looking for the reptile itself; and by that time the activity of the tail was at an end, and it was lying flat on the ground, coiled into a curve of nearly three-fourths of a circle.

I gave it a push with the stick, when I was startled by the severed member jumping into the air, and recommencing its dance with as much vigour as before.

This performance lasted for some minutes, and was again exhibited when the tail was roused by another touch from the stick. Nearly half an hour elapsed before the touch of the stick failed to make the tail jump, and even then it produced sharp convulsive movements.

The object may perhaps be, that when an assailant's attention is occupied by looking at the tail, the creature itself may quietly make its escape.

The food of the blind-worm is generally of an insect nature, and it seems to be fond of small slugs. The country people declare that it is guilty of various



crimes, such as biting cattle and similar offences, of which bite an old author says that, "unless remedy be had, there followeth mortality or death, for the poison thereof is very strong."

Fortunately for us, we have but one poisonous reptile, the viper; and the slow-worm is as innocent of poison as an earthworm. It is true that, if provoked, it will sometimes bite; but its mouth is so small, and its teeth so minute, that it cannot even draw blood.

The names that are given to it are hardly in accordance with its formation, for it is not very sluggish in its movements, although it can be easier taken than the lizard; while it is anything but blind, and its eyes, though small, are brilliant. Perhaps the epithets ought to have been applied to the givers, and not to the receiver.

As for the real snakes, there are but two species in



BLIND-WORM.

England, one being called the viper, or adder, and the other the ringed or grass snake. The viper is rather to be avoided, as it is possessed of poison-fangs, and, if irritated, is not slow in using them.

Of this latter I have little to say, and would not have mentioned it excepting for two reasons: the one to enable any person to distinguish it from the common snake, and to avoid, as far as possible, the chance of being bitten; and the other to tell how to heal the bite, should so untoward an event happen.

Poisonous snakes may be readily known by the shape of their head and neck; the head being very wide at the back, and the neck small. Some persons compare the head of a poisonous snake to the ace of spades, which comparison, although rather overdrawn, gives a good idea of the poison-bearing head. It has a cruel and wicked look about it also, and one shrinks back from it almost naturally.

Should a person be bitten by the viper, the effects of the poison may be much diminished by the liberal

use of olive oil; and the effect of the oil is said to be much increased by heat. Strong ammonia, or harts-horn, as it is popularly called, is also useful, as is the case with the stings of bees and wasps, and for the same reason. The evil effects of the viper's bite vary much in different persons, and at different times, according to the temperament of the individual or his state of health.

I may as well put in one word of favour for the viper before it is dismissed. It is not a malignant creature, nor does it seek after victims; but it is as timid as any creature in existence, slipping away at the sound of a footstep, and only using its fangs if trodden on accidentally, or intentionally assaulted.

The second English snake is the common harmless ringed snake; which does not bite, because it has no teeth to speak of; and does not poison people, because it has no venom at all.

Its only mode of defence is by pouring forth a most unpleasant, pungent odour, which so adheres to the hands or clothes that many washings are required before it is quite expelled. Yet it is sparing enough even of this solitary weapon, and may, after a while, be handled without any inconvenience.

To this assertion I can bear personal and somewhat extensive witness; for I have caught and kept numbers of snakes. The worthy villagers must have formed curious ideas of me, and I rather fancy must have looked upon me as a sort of wizard; for I contrived to oppose their ideas—all, by the way, of a cruel character—in so many instances that they were rather afraid, as well as annoyed. To see them run away, as if from a lighted shell, when I came among them with a snake in each hand, was decidedly amusing, and not less curious was the obstinate way in which they clung to their false notions.

In vain were arguments used to prove that the snake was not a venomous animal, and ought not to be killed and tortured; in vain did I put my finger into the snake's mouth, and let its forked tongue glide over my very hand or face: they were not to be so taken in, and they remained wise in their own conceit.

They certainly could not deny that the snake did not bite me, and that its tongue did not pierce me, but the conclusion deduced therefrom was simply that my constitution, or perchance my magical art, was such that I was unbitable and unpoisonable.

No! to them the snake was still poisonous, and its tongue still envenomed.

(To be continued.)



# The Secret Brotherhood

## CHAPTER XII (*continued*)

THE next morning Mr. Marston and Nurse decided that Donald had better stop in bed all day, and Brian was allowed to have breakfast in bed, which was a very rare treat. Anne escaped from the nursery while Nurse was looking after the boys, and was found by her father explaining to the postman at the front door that the boys had tumbled into a big black hole, and Don had been "quite deaded," but was now all right again, except that "one of his toes was brokeed off." The postman was anxious to know what this story really meant, and when the Rector had explained it he kept Anne downstairs and shared his breakfast with her, to her great delight; but when Nurse was free, and came to fetch her charge, Mr. Marston declared that Anne was going to be quite as big a handful as her brothers.

The boys wrote letters to their mother to tell her about their adventure, but she might have been nearly as much puzzled as the postman if she had not had a fuller account from their father. Donald's letter was rather short:—

"MY DARLING MUMMIE,—I hope you are quite well. I am, all except my ankell, and Brian's knees. We found a trap-door, and I fell down some steps and afterwards I fainted. I am in bed to-day. And they didnt find us all day and we didnt have any dinner till after tea-time. Please give my love to the Grannies and Ursula. When my foot is better I can use Jim's krutches.

"Your loveing son,  
"DONALD."

Brian's letter was longer, but the spelling was even more unusual:—

"MY DEAREST MOTHER,—We had an axident yesterday and a most exciting advencher. We found a secret passidge at the hall and there was a trap-door and we got shut in. Don hurt his ankle and my torch went out and he fainted. Daddy did not find us till quite late and we had not had any dinner or tea. Graham was away but he is comeing home to-day. I had breakfast in bed and Anne had breakfast with Daddy. Please give my love to everybody. I am going to make a surprise for Donald's birthday but I have not thort of it yet. Can you sudjest something next

time you write? This mess at the bottom is Anne's letter to you. She says it is very important so I hope you will understand it.

"With much love from

"Your loving son,

"BRIAN MARSTON."

Graham came home about lunch-time, and was very thrilled when he heard about the boys' adventure. He was eager to hear their own story, so he and Jim spent the afternoon at the Rectory. Everybody was very keen, of course, to explore the passage, and Mr. Marston said he had only been waiting for Graham's return to do it. So they arranged to go the next morning. Donald could not go, as he could not walk, and Jim was not allowed to go either; but Brian was, and he was full of ideas as to what they might find there. He hoped it would be smugglers, but when Graham pointed out that they were nowhere near the sea he had to admit that it was not very likely.

## CHAPTER XIII

### THE FINDING OF THE TREASURE

EARLY the next morning Mr. Marston, Graham, Hobson, and Brian set off armed with lanterns and sticks, so that they should not meet with Donald's fate again. The passage was only about three feet wide, and only just high enough for Graham, who was the tallest of the party, to stand upright. At first it was almost straight, but after a time it began to wind, and presently turned sharply to the left. Occasionally there was a faint gleam of light showing where air came into the passage from above, and it was evident that they were getting some distance away from the house. But, of course, the passage was not nearly so long as the boys had imagined it to be.

Presently they came to the steps where Donald had met with his accident. There were not many, and they went down, only to find that the passage went on for a little way without much change; but before long they were stopped by a heavy wooden door, studded with brass nails in a kind of pattern, only there did not seem to be any handle or keyhole.

At first they wondered whether it really was a door, since there seemed to be no way of opening it, but if it was only the end of the passage there did not seem to be much object for its existence, or for the passage itself. The three men were trying to make out from the windings of the latter, and from a compass which the Rector had brought with him on purpose, whereabouts



they were, while Brian was fiddling about impatiently with the knobs on the door. Suddenly he gave an exclamation,—

"Daddy! Graham! It moved!"

"What, Brian? The door?"

"No, only one of these knobs. It slides right along here—look!" As he spoke he pushed the centre knob, which slid into a kind of groove. When it reached the end there was a little click, and the door slowly swung open.

They found that from inside it could be opened with an ordinary handle, and there was a bolt as well. They experimented with the spring a few times, to make sure of not getting shut in, then went through, and found themselves in a small room, not more than about six feet by eight, and about eight feet high. At the opposite side of it the passage began again with no door, but it only went a few yards, and then ended abruptly in what appeared to be a wall of solid earth. It looked as though the makers of the passage had not carried it as far as they had originally intended to do, or else the other end had become accidentally blocked. There was, however, a kind of rough chimney in the little room, which let in some air and just a glimmer of light.

The explorers began to examine the contents of the room, which consisted of a wooden bench and table, a small cupboard, and several solid-looking chests, not very large, but each with more than one lock, very heavy and evidently very strong.

The little cupboard was not locked, and in it they found a rusty bunch of keys. There were also two or three pewter cups and plates, and two candlesticks. Mr. Marston tried the keys in one of the smaller chests, and they all watched breathlessly, till at last he found one which, with a great effort, opened the box.

Inside, much to Brian's disappointment, there were only some papers and parchments tied up in packets, and apparently in fairly good condition, though much of the ink had faded, and a great part of the writing was illegible. The Rector picked up the first, which was neatly folded and had a date written on the outside. They were all amazed, and even Brian began to think it might be interesting after all when his father read out the words: "This last day of February in the year sixteen hundred and forty-

nine." He carefully spread it out on the table, and with the help of all the lanterns they were able to pick out the following words:—

"... treasure, which ... for the King, but my cowardice ... too late ... martyred at Whitehall, ... here, in the hope that ... to restore ... to the Throne."

These words were scattered down the page, and there were many between which they could not make out. The signature was quite clear, however, at the bottom of the page, "Robert Graham," and then the same date that was on the outside of the paper.

"What does it mean?" asked Brian, eagerly. "It sounds like history, and what is the treasure?"

"I think it can only mean," answered Graham, "that this old chap, who was obviously one of my ancestors, wanted to give his money to King Charles I. at the time of the Civil War, but he hadn't the pluck to declare himself until after the king's execution had made it too late. Then I suppose he hid it here, hoping that he would have a chance to use it for the king's son."

"Yes, that is it, evidently," said Mr. Marston. "Let's look at these other papers. This is worth finding, isn't it?"

"But the treasure!" exclaimed Brian. "Is it all in these boxes? Oh, do try some more





keys, Daddy, or let me have them while you're reading those old things."

The Rector gave him the bunch of keys.

"It may be there," he said, "but I expect it's more likely that Robert Graham gave it to Charles II., as he intended. Let's look at some more of these papers first. This is awfully interesting."

Brian was very impatient to find something more exciting than papers, but on the second one that his father took up, which seemed to be much older even than the first, part of the heading was still readable.

"Secret brought from the Low Countries" (a few words missing), and then "door."

As Brian himself had discovered the secret of the door he was willing to listen to this, but unfortunately very little of the rest of the document could be read. Just a few words here and there were clear, but they gave a clue to the object for which the passage had been made.

"Priests' hiding hole . . . Queen Elizabeth, which my grandfather learnt . . . when he . . . might be of use . . . persecuted for their religion . . . passage to reach . . . church on the fells."

The next paper appeared to be a list, as faint traces of writing could be seen only down the middle of the page, and there were some figures, but hardly a word could be made out. It might have been an inventory of the treasure, as Hobson suggested, but the ink was so very much faded that it was impossible to say for certain without a better light than the lanterns gave.

Another was a list of names, most of which could be read, and it was apparently a list of the persons who had made use of the hiding-place, for several entries began with the word "Father," and there were some dates at intervals down the page. Other papers appeared to be accounts for work done, and payments made for various purposes, and the Rector thought they might possibly give the details of the actual making of the passage and secret chamber. But it was too difficult to read them in such a bad light, until they came to one which was evidently of much later date than any except the first they had looked at, and was in the same writing. It was marked on the back—"Will and Testament of Robert Graham," and there were only a few words which they could not read. It was quite short.

". . . dying . . . my purpose unfulfilled. My treasure, if it is ever found . . . to the owner of Thorley Hall provided that he never . . . against the King, if there should . . . whether . . . a Stuart or some other who has lawfully . . . Throne. I shall leave it . . . secret of the door will prevent . . . curses on Oliver Cromwell and all the wicked Regicides."

The signature on this was quite distinct—"Robert Graham," as before, and the date,

"This seventeenth day of May, in the year sixteen hundred and fifty-three." This was followed by the names of two witnesses.

Brian had been unsuccessful with the keys, and was almost mad with impatience for one of the men to try them; and now that they had learnt all they could for the present from the papers, Graham came to his help, and at last they found keys to fit the rest of the locks, and succeeded in opening all the boxes. It was a wonderful sight—for the treasure was still there.

Even Brian was almost speechless with amazement.

Two of the chests were filled with gold and silver coins, evidently representing a very large sum of money. Two others contained some magnificent gold and silver goblets, dishes, and other objects, some of them of beautiful design, and all obviously very old and of great value; and in the last chest, which was smaller, there was a wonderful collection of jewellery. Robert Graham had certainly amassed a marvellous treasure for the unfortunate King Charles, and perhaps it was not so very surprising that, after all, he had been reluctant to part with it.

And it had remained hidden just where he had left it for nearly three centuries. The finders of it could scarcely believe that they were not all dreaming.

Graham and Mr. Marston decided at last to take up the keys and the papers, and leave the rest locked up as they had found it, until they had told Mr. Graham of the amazing discovery and considered what should be done with it. It seemed extraordinary that they had never even heard any tradition about a lost treasure of the Grahams of Thorley!

The passage itself was a very interesting discovery too. They wondered how it could have been dug to such a length; but after they had examined it more closely they came to the conclusion that there probably had been an opening at the far end on to the moor, through which the earth might have been cleared out, and that it had afterwards been blocked up, either by accident or on purpose to prevent the secret chamber being discovered.

## CHAPTER XIV

### THE GRAHAMS OF THORLEY

THE grown-ups had a long discussion about the treasure in the library the same evening, from which the boys were excluded, rather to their disgust. Jim and Donald were thrilled with Brian's description of all that he had seen. Mr. Graham and Mrs. Carlton were, of course,



equally excited about it, but Mr. Graham had an idea that the Government might have a right to claim some of it as "treasure trove." Mr. Marston thought this law only applied when the lawful owner of the treasure could not be traced, but in this case there seemed to be no doubt that it had belonged to Robert Graham, and that he had bequeathed it by his will to the present owner of the Hall. In any case it would be necessary to have it all valued, and there would probably be a great deal of business to be settled before anything could be done with it.

Mr. Graham said he would like to keep some of the best of the old family possessions, and Mrs. Carlton hoped that at least some of the jewellery might be kept, for even without these the old gold and silver coins and the rest of the things must certainly be worth a great deal of money.

Every one was eager to find out something more about the old miser who had collected and stored up all these wonderful possessions, and Mr. Graham had a dim recollection that he had once been shown an old book about the family or the neighbourhood, which he thought must probably be still in the library. They all searched the shelves diligently, and at last were successful in finding what they wanted. It was a most interesting old history of the Graham family—or at least of their branch of it—written in the early part of the eighteenth century by the Graham who was then the head of it, who had tried to trace back his ancestors to the days of William the Conqueror, and had, at any rate, succeeded in giving his descendants a good deal of very interesting information.

*(To be continued.)*

✢ ✢ ✢

Tom. "I saw a terrible fight in the kitchen this morning, Bill."

Bill. "What do you mean?"

Tom. "Well, the bellows came to 'blows,' and fought a 'round of toast,' while the frying-pan held the 'steaks.'"

## Motto for October

*What can a man do more than die for his countrymen? Live for them. It is a longer work, and therefore a more difficult and a nobler one.*

KINGSLEY.

Sent in by GORDON WYLLIE,  
43 Cambridge Street, Grantham,  
to whom a book prize has been awarded.

## The Eagle and the Animals

As Jupiter's all-seeing eye  
Surveyed the worlds beneath the sky,  
From this small speck of earth were sent  
Murmurs and sounds of discontent ;  
For ev'rything alive complained  
That he the hardest life sustained.

Jove calls his Eagle. At the word  
Before him stands the royal bird.  
The bird, obedient, from heav'n's height  
Downward directs his rapid flight ;  
Then cited every living thing  
To hear the mandates of his king.

Ungrateful creatures, whence arise  
These murmurs which offend the skies ?  
Why this disorder ? say the cause :  
For just are Jove's eternal laws.  
Let each his discontent reveal ;  
To you, sour Dog, I first appeal.

Hard is my lot, the Hound replies,  
On what fleet nerves the Greyhound flies !  
While I, with weary step and slow,  
O'er plains and vales, and mountains go ;  
The morning sees my chase begun,  
Nor ends it till the setting sun.

When (says the Greyhound) I pursue,  
My game is lost, or caught in view ;  
Beyond my sight the prey's secure ;  
The Hound is slow, but always sure,  
And had I his sagacious scent  
Jove ne'er had heard my discontent.

The Lion craved the Fox's art ;  
The Fox the Lion's force and heart.  
The Cock implored the Pigeon's flight,  
Whose wings were rapid, strong, and light ;  
The Pigeon strength of wing despised,  
And the Cock's matchless valour prized.  
The Fishes wished to graze the plain ;  
The Beasts to skim beneath the main.  
Thus, envious of another's state,  
Each blamed the partial hand of Fate.

The bird of heav'n then cried aloud,  
Jove bids disperse the murmuring crowd ;  
The god rejects your idle prayers ;  
Would ye, rebellious mutineers,  
Entirely change your name and nature  
And be the very envied creature ?  
What, silent all, and none consent !  
Be happy, then, and learn content ;  
Nor imitate the restless mind  
And proud ambition of mankind.

JOHN GAY (1685-1732)



# Something to do on a Wet Day

## I.—TOY GARDENS

BY WINIFRED HAMMOND, F.R.H.S.

**H**AVEN'T you sometimes longed that you could think of some new game to play when you have had friends to tea on a wet day? And still more have you wished it, I expect, if you are an only child, for there are comparatively few games for only one or two players.

During the next few months, however, I hope to tell you of lots of "scientific" things that you can "play at" indoors, both when you are alone and when you have one or two friends.

This month I want to describe some unusual gardens, for it would be great fun to invite your friends to a winter "Garden Party," and then show them the apparatus you have collected for *making* gardens!

### A Marrow Garden

For this you will have to buy a small vegetable marrow and a few seeds of wheat or oats, which will have to be pushed into the surface skin of the marrow.



FIG. 1.—SHOWING HOW TO STICK WHEAT INTO MARROW SKIN.

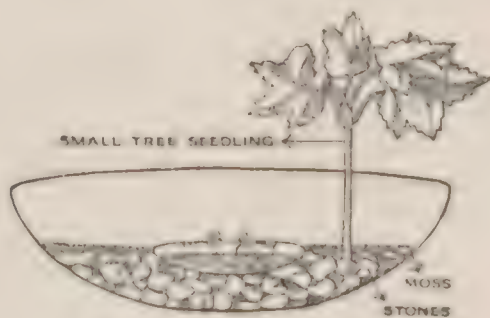


FIG. 2.—HALF BOWL TO SHOW SAUCER FILLED WITH WATER.

Tie a string round the stalk of the marrow, so that it can be hung up, and it will be found that the corn will soon begin to sprout, and will grow vigorously without any water, owing to the moisture in the marrow (Fig. 1).

### Japanese Gardens

I expect quite a number of you have seen the little Japanese gardens which "grown-ups" make in shallow bowls. They are too expensive for most

children to attempt, but you can make quite a good substitute.

After having chosen your bowl—almost any sort will do—cover the bottom with clean small stones to act as drainage. Fill a tiny saucer with water, and place it in the centre of the bowl, then cover the surface of the stones and the edge of the saucer

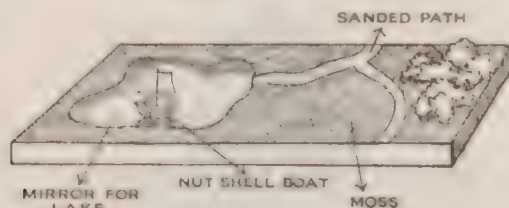


FIG. 3.

with moss, leaving an occasional tiny patch uncovered. In these patches seedling trees (which you can find in almost any wood) can be planted, and floating ducks and swans placed on the little pond (Fig. 2).

A variation of this garden is made by taking the lid of a small biscuit tin. In one part of it place a piece of mirror for a lake, and having made a wee boat from a nutshell with a match mast (attached to the shell by a drop of sealing-wax) and paper sails, place the ship on the lake.

Cover the rest of the tin with moss, and make little pathways of the tiniest of pebbles. If the moss is raised as a hillock in one part and tiny figures placed on it, the little garden will look more realistic (Fig. 3).

### An Oasis in a Desert

One of the simplest of such gardens is made by filling a bowl with sand. Then with a few stones and some moss form a little oasis, out of which "grows" a palm made of twigs and leaves. Your Noah's Ark camel will give the finishing touch (Fig. 4).

### An Egg-shell Garden

Egg-shells, if treated gently, are useful for growing



FIG. 4.



FIG. 5.

oak trees. Fill the shells with moistened cocoanut fibre, and place an acorn in each. Soon the nuts



will begin to sprout, and the little oak trees begin to grow (Fig. 5).

### A Saucer Garden

For this you must fill a saucer with well-wetted moss, and in the centre place an "opened" pine cone. Fill the openings with soil, and sow it with grass or canary seed.

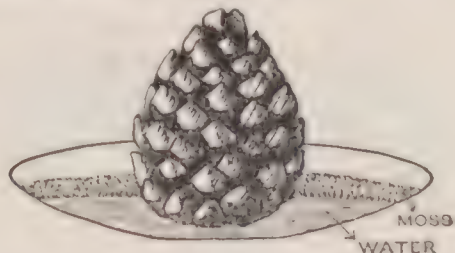


FIG. 6.—HALF SAUCER TO SHOW OPENED FIR-CONE, WITH "OPENINGS" FILLED WITH SOIL.

If the cone is kept moist, but not really wet, the seeds will sprout in a few days (Fig. 6).

### To Dwarf Trees

This is quite a fascinating job! Take a rather unripe orange, and cut a hole in it, just large enough for a spoon to remove all the fruit.

When emptied, fill the skin with a mixture of moist cocoanut fibre, charcoal, and good soil in equal quantities.

Place an acorn (or other tree seed) in the fibre, and stand the orange in a glass in a light place to prevent the skin from becoming mouldy. Keep the

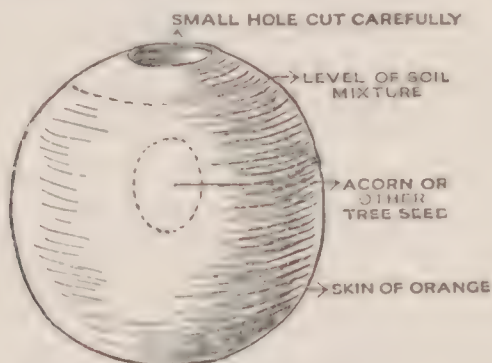


FIG. 7.—FOR DWARF TREES.

"soil" moist, and when the roots appear through the skin, cut them back "flush" with it, and continue to do so as fast as they grow. The result will be that the older the trees grow, the more "ancient" will they appear, although they do not grow in height (Fig. 7).

### A Box Garden

Perhaps the garden that will give you the most continuous pleasure will be one made in a good-sized box filled with soil. In the centre place a strip of turf for the lawn, and edge it with sand for a path, or tiny flat stones for a "flagged" path. Mound

the soil up into flower-beds round the sides of the box, and dot tiny water-cans, spades, peacocks,

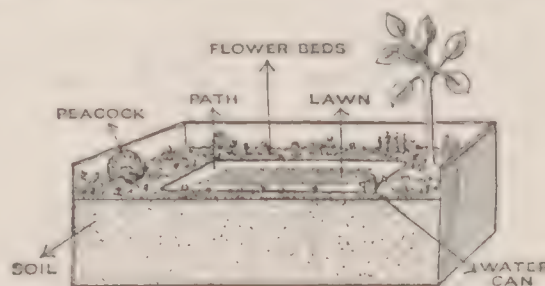


FIG. 8.

(Note that the front of box has been taken away so that the arrangement can be seen.)

flower-pots, and similar toys, about the garden (Fig. 8).

Next month I hope to tell the boys about some jolly "scientific experiments" to do when they have chums to tea.

+ + +

Gussy. "Why do you call your car 'Baby'?"

Eric. "Because I can never bring her out without a rattle."

+ + +

Mrs. Isaacs. "Vat do you vant, venison or mutton?"

Mr. Isaacs. "Mutton, my tear; venison is deer, and mutton is sheep."

+ + +

Uncle (holding up a penny and a sixpence). "Vich von vill you have?"

Ikey. "Half the little von."

Uncle. "For not being greedy you can have the big von."

+ + +

Teacher. "Which would you prefer, half an orange or  $\frac{18}{36}$ ths?"

Pupil. "Half!"

Teacher (sarcastically). "Why would you prefer half?"

Pupil. "Because if you gave eighteen  $\frac{36}{36}$ ths I should lose nearly all the juice."

+ + +

A NOTED photographer tells the following as having actually happened.

A woman entered his studio. "Are you the photographer?" she asked.

"Yes, madam," was the answer.

"Do you take children's pictures?"

"Yes, certainly."

"How much do you charge?"

"Half a sovereign a dozen."

"Well," said the woman sorrowfully, "I'll have to see you again. I've only got eleven."



## STORIES for YOUNGER READERS



## Day by Day

*Monday, June 4th (continued)*

AT tea-time Nurse said, "Your Mamma has just been up here, Miss Eva. She says she is going to drive over to see your Granny to-morrow afternoon, and if you are good, and do your lessons nicely, she will take you and Master Fred with her." We were very glad to hear this, for we love going to see Granny. She is a dear, so pretty, with such gentle blue eyes and lovely white curls. She wears a little white cap, with pale pink bows. Hanging from her belt is a bag where she keeps her sweets, and she always gives us some. She cannot walk about much, but if Aunt May and Uncle Rollo are busy, Granny's maid, Sparrow, takes us out.

*Wednesday, June 6th*

On Monday night we could hardly go to sleep. If Nurse had not been singing to Baby, I think we should have stopped awake all night; but she always sings the same tune, over and over again very softly and sweetly—it made us sleepy to hear her. Fred and I thought lessons would never be over in the morning, but we did try hard to be good. After dinner Annie dressed Fred in his white sailor suit and me in a clean white frock, and we ran down to the hall. Mother was not there, and Dick had not brought Polly to the door, so we went out into the garden to wait. There on the grass we saw our two big brothers, Willie and Ben. They had a large wooden tub full of water, and had just been washing their dogs, Nell and Fido, and it was Rollo's turn. He did not like the

soap at all, and would not keep still. At last Ben said, "Willie, you hold him, and I will soap him." They got on better till Dick brought Polly to the door, and we ran to tell Mother. Poor Rollo was wild to come with us, and he twisted and jumped about so that Ben had to stop soaping to help hold him. Willie shouted to Mother to make haste and start, and away went Polly down the drive at her best pace, for she had not been out that morning. Ben said, "It's all right now she's out of sight," and he let go of Rollo to take the soap. Rollo gave one big bound and jumped out of Willie's arms and ran down the drive after Polly. The boys began to shout and give chase. This startled Polly so that she rushed wildly along the road. Fred and I had to hold on tight or we should have been thrown out. Fred laughed so much that he slipped to the floor of the cart, and I had to hold him with one hand and cling on to the back of the seat with the other. It was a funny sight. Little black Rollo came tearing along with his little ears and tail bobbing, and his body all over soap, and the boys came racing after in their shirt sleeves, with soapy arms and no hats, shouting and laughing. They made such a noise that the schoolboys in the yard heard and ran out. They made a line across the road after Polly passed, so poor Rollo was stopped and carried back. We heard him howling for quite a long way. Ben says that they had to wash him all over again, for the dust had got into his soapy coat and he was quite muddy. Fred was sad because poor Rollo could not come with us, but Mother said, "Never mind, he will soon forget and be quite happy playing with Willie and Ben, and we can take him some other day."

✦ ✦ ✦

*Pat.* "Did you hear about the great tramcar accident yesterday, Mike?"

*Mike.* "No, what happened?"

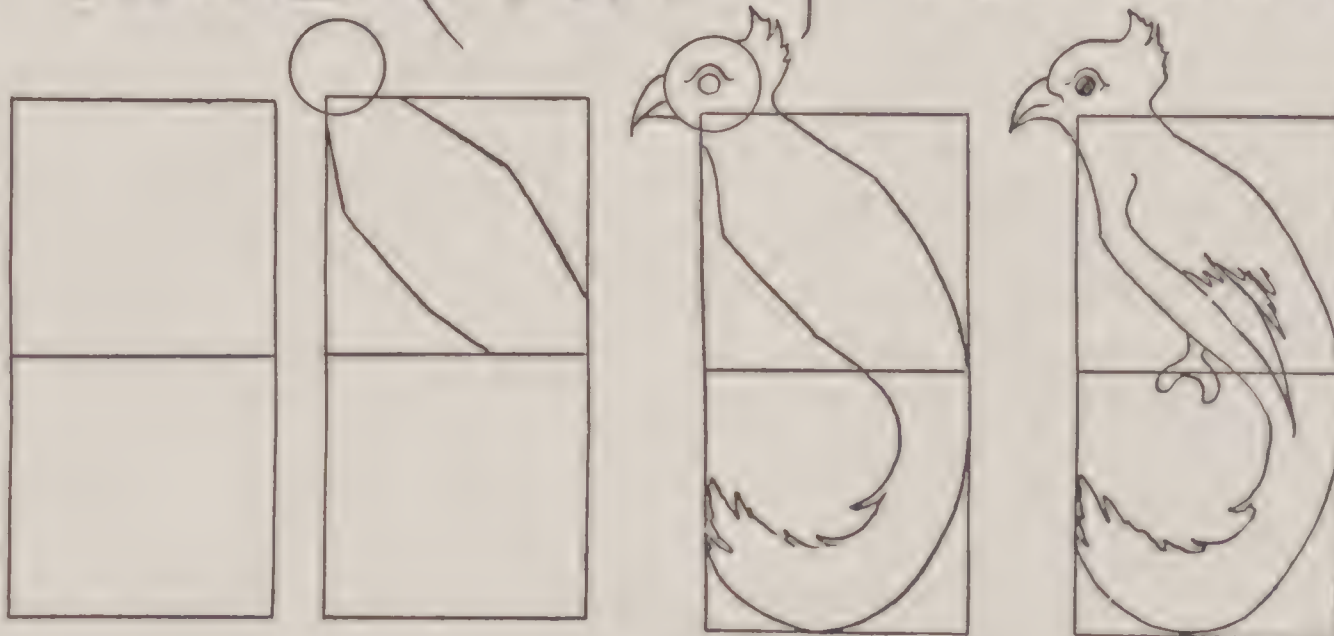
*Pat.* "A woman had her eye on a seat and a man sat on it."



# Kiddies-Can-Do-It

By Uncle  
Cobb Shinn

## TINKER TOM of TOYTOWN



Shows You How to Make  
A SWINGING PARROT



COBB SHINN

To make a swinging parrot you must use cardboard. Any size will do, but it would be better to have a large piece. First you make two squares, and place a circle in the upper left-hand corner. Draw in the parrot, which is easy to do if you keep this picture in front of you. Colour it and cut it out. Place it upon the rod where you want the parrot to swing.



# Our Competitions

## Competitions for October

For all Ages up to Fifteen

### ESSAY COMPETITION

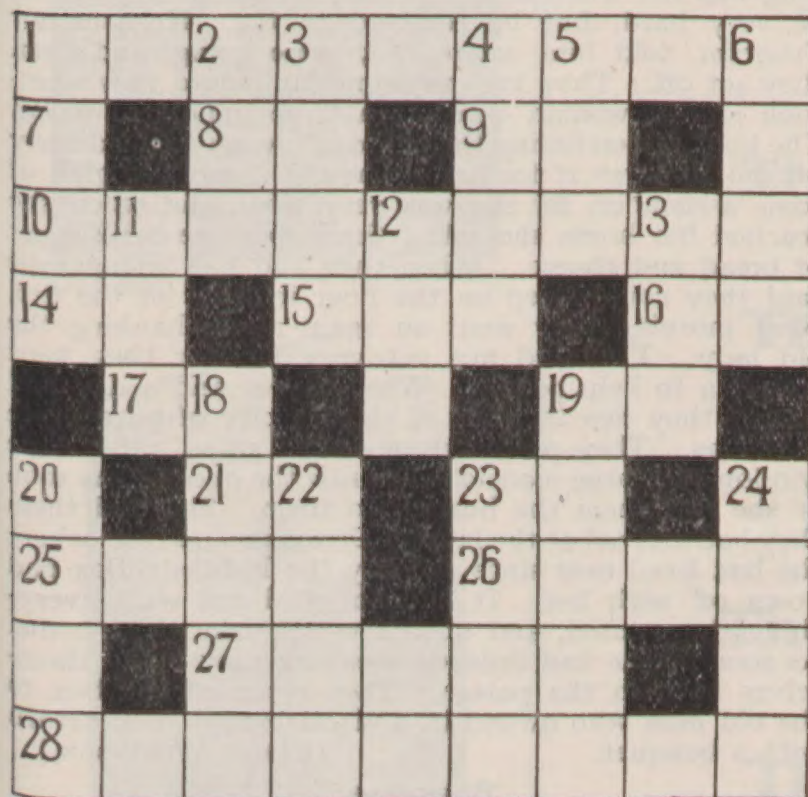
Write a short essay beginning with the following sentence: "I was going home when suddenly the cry of fire resounded through the streets."

### DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A)

Make a drawing of a jolly baby, and colour it with water-colours or chalks.

For Children under Twelve only

### CROSS-WORD PUZZLE



#### ACROSS

1. An enchanted place.
8. First class.
9. Account.
10. A town in England.
14. An exclamation.
15. A small animal.
16. A note in the sol-fa scale.
17. Resident magistrate.
19. A French measurement.
21. An exclamation.
23. To perform.
25. A girl's name.
26. A kind of goat.
27. Found in a church.
28. Method of travelling.

#### DOWN

1. To drop down.
2. A boy's name.
3. A pile, or heap.
4. To endure.
5. A deed.
6. Defence of Realm Act.
11. River in Switzerland.
12. What we can't live without.
13. A tree.
18. Kind of tooth.
19. A reptile.
20. An island famous in history.
22. A ring.
23. Part of a clock.
24. Part of a car.

### COMPOSITION COMPETITION

Suppose you are a lost dog. Tell your own story, and how you find a new home.

### A WORD PUZZLE

By placing the same vowel at the proper points in the following diagram a sentence can be made. The end of a line does not necessarily mean the end of a word.

F T H S T H N P N S  
S T L L S T C K  
N G J M W L  
L F N D  
H S T H  
C K  
S L  
K S  
H R  
T

### DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B)

Make a drawing of a policeman, and colour it with water-colours or chalks.

For Children under Ten only

### LETTER COMPETITION

Write a letter to a friend asking him (or her) to spend a week with you, saying where you would go, what you could do, and what you would see.

### DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C)

Make a drawing of a basket of ripe apples, and colour it with water-colours or chalks.

### "Smiles" Competition

A Book Prize will be given for the brightest "smile" sent in this month.

### Motto Competition

All readers may enter this competition. A Book Prize will be given for the motto which is published in the paper. Each motto should have the name of the author from whom the quotation is taken.

## Prize List for August

### UNFINISHED STORIES COMPETITION

*Prize-Winners.*—Ethel Atkinson, Worsthorne Council School, near Burnley, Lancs. Edward James Allen, The Fydell School, Morcott. (See page 160.)

*Honourable Mention.*—Margaret Skinner, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton; Joan Amsden, Sevenoaks; Rosemary Easton, Pendleton, Manchester; Marie McCready, Hillsboro, Co. Down; Sheila Mathers, Birr, King's Co.; Ronald Greenwood and Florence Green, Worsthorne Council School, near Burnley; Eleanor Shairp, Hadley, Caterham Valley; Isabel Graham, Strabane; Fred Perry, Millie Perry, Phoebe Prescott, and William Waterworth, National School, Adlington; Leslie Edgson and Muriel Tyler, The Fydell School, Morcott.

### THREADING THE MAZE

The shortest and most neatly drawn route to the chair in the middle of the maze was sent in by the following:—

*Prize-Winners.*—Ephraim Bullock, 32 Princes Street, Connah's Quay. Arthur Ronald Tilt, The Drive, Walton-le-Dale. A. G. Crockett, "Braemar," The Downs-way, Sutton, Surrey. Maureen Macormac, 26 Parade, Donaghadee, Co. Down.

*Honourable Mention.*—Hazel Ellis, Howth; Joseph Edwards, Annie Roberts, Joseph Pierce, and Josiah



Jones, St. Mark's School, Connah's Quay; Mary Makinson and Eileen Mort, National School, Adlington; Ella Grant, Edinburgh; Sheila Morris, Preston; Sally Blatchford, Walkden; Sheila Mathers, Birr; Ethel Atkinson, Worsthorpe Council School, near Burnley; Philip John Tyler, George Crook, and Edward Allen, The Fydeall School, Morcott; Isabel Graham, Strabane; Sam McBride, Newtownards; Mary Legg, Fulham, S.W.6; Tom Semple, Strabane; Margaret L. Skinner, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton; W. R. McKibbin, Heath Hill, Dundonald, Co. Down; Martha Ashe, Milltown Convoy, Co. Donegal.

#### DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A)

*Prize-Winners.*—Mary Makinson, National School, Adlington, Lancs. Hilda M. Smith, "Elnora," Westerton, near Glasgow.

*Honourable Mention.*—Frances Wigley, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton; Annie Fisher and Alice Colclough, National School, Adlington; Ellis Peters, St. Mark's School, Connah's Quay; Roy Horsford, Milton Regis, Kent.

#### CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

The solution is as follows:—

| ACROSS         | DOWN       |
|----------------|------------|
| 1. Testament.  | 1. Time.   |
| 2. I.          | 2. Sag.    |
| 8. Ah!         | 3. This.   |
| 9. An.         | 4. Mail.   |
| 10. Magicians. | 5. Ena.    |
| 14. Ed.        | 6. Test.   |
| 15. Sol.       | 11. Ada.   |
| 16. At.        | 12. Cod.   |
| 17. Ac.        | 13. Nay.   |
| 19. By.        | 18. Cargo. |
| 21. Ac.        | 19. Bared. |
| 23. B.A.       | 20. Amok.  |
| 25. Oral.      | 22. Claw.  |
| 26. Gable.     | 23. Bole.  |
| 28. Knowledge. | 24. Blue.  |

*Prize-Winners.*—Winnie Jeffrey, "Strathmore," 50 Belgrave Road, Corstorphine. John Morris, 79 Selborne Street, Frenchwood, Preston. David Dron, 94 St. Alban's Road, Edinburgh.

*Honourable Mention.*—Elsie Clitheroe, National School, Adlington; William A. Cross, Banbridge, Co. Down; James Grubb, Sittingbourne, Kent; Colville Crowe, Newtownards, Co. Down; Jean H. Maxwell, Currie; Mary Butler, Blanchville School, Rubery, Birmingham.

#### DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B)

*Prize-Winners.*—Leslie Jeffery, 37 Burley Road, Milton Regis, Kent. Edward Wright, Newtown School, Carlisle.

*Honourable Mention.*—Chillman Taylor and Edward High, Sittingbourne, Kent; Joan Cannan, Gloucester; Eileen Crockett, Rubery, Birmingham; Ivy Richmond, Long Sutton; Jean Summerfield, Blanchville School, Rubery, Birmingham; Arthur Bland, Worsthorpe.

### Unfinished Stories Competition

(See August *Children's Paper*, page 126)

#### PRIZE ENDINGS

##### THE FIDDLEDY BOX

As soon as the king heard that the queen had been found and lost again, he flew into a dreadful rage. The first person to suffer was the little page-boy. The king was so angry that he did not stop to think, and he called

out angrily, "It is your fault that the queen is lost again. Why did you not take her out of the box as soon as you saw her, then the box could not have flown off with her?" Then he ordered his servants to take him to prison, and to cut his head off in the morning. The poor little page-boy, whose name was Tristram, begged the king not to have him killed, but the king would not listen. Then the king went to the old man who owned the Fiddledy Box and told him all that had happened, and asked him how to find the queen. "There is only one way to find the queen," said the old man; "this is it. You must release your page-boy and take him with you. You must dress yourself in your poorest clothes and become as humble as the lowest of your subjects. You must be kind to every one and never speak a cross word. Every time you go past any one in trouble or speak an angry word the Fiddledy Box will take the queen a mile farther off; but every time you do a good deed it will bring her a mile nearer. Now, go towards the setting sun, and in time you will come to the land of Dreams-come-true, where the queen is." The king was sad when he heard this, for he knew it would be very hard, but he resolved to try. He sent for Tristram, told him where they were going, and then they set off. They had not gone far before they overtook an old woman carrying a large bundle of wood. The king, remembering the old man's words, immediately offered to carry it for her. The old dame was glad of some assistance, for she was very tired, and when she reached her home she asked them to share her supper of bread and cheese. When they had had enough she said they could sleep on the floor in front of the fire. Next morning they went on again after thanking the old lady. They did not get very far, for they kept stopping to help people. When a year and a day had passed they saw in front of them a city of pure white buildings. They passed through the gates, and at the window of a large mansion they saw the queen. As soon as she saw them she hurried to them. She told them they had arrived at the land of Dreams-come-true, where she had lived ever since the day the Fiddledy Box had flown off with her. It had supplied her with everything she wanted, and now it would take them home. As soon as she had finished speaking they found themselves back in the palace. They returned the box to the old man who owned it, and celebrated their return with a banquet.

[ETHEL ATKINSON.]

#### BURGLARS!

WITHOUT waiting an instant, Peggy fled silently up the stairs and into her father's bedroom.

"Oh, father," she said, "there are some burglars in the dining-room, and they are taking all your best silver things out of the cupboard!"

Her father instantly jumped out of bed, put on his dressing-gown, and went to the telephone to call the police. He next went to the door of the room where the intruders were still gathering their hoard, and locked it so that they should not escape before help came.

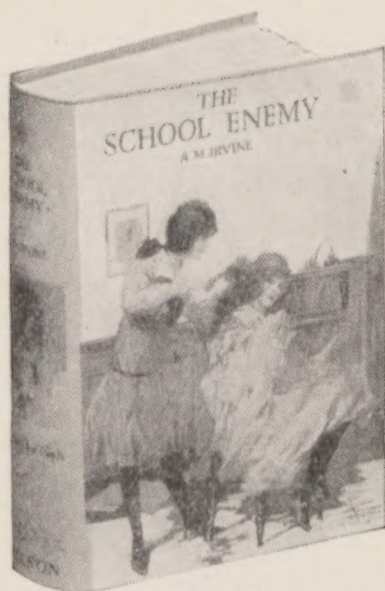
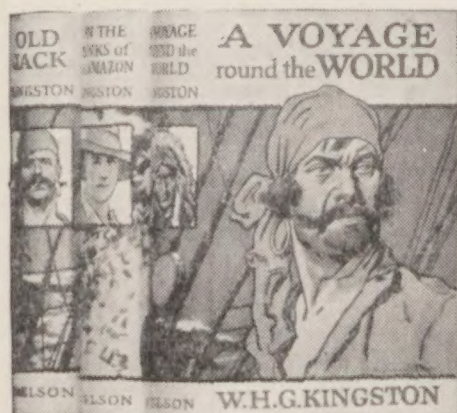
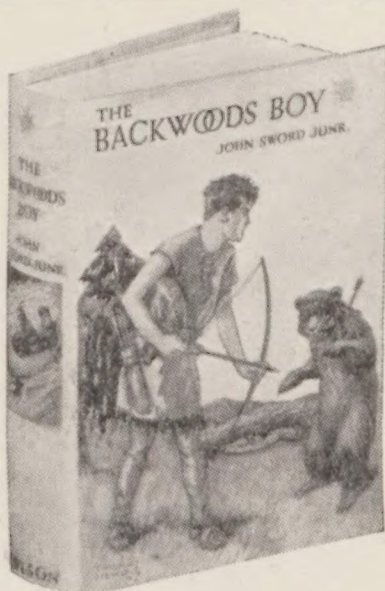
In a minute or two he heard the noise of bicycle wheels on the stone drive outside. The gentleman went to the front door and let four plain-clothes policemen into the front hall. After a few minutes' conversation the constables were led to the room where the marauders were stationed. After a bit of struggling the burglars were safely bound hand and foot, then led to the nearest police station.

When Peggy came downstairs the next morning there was a new bicycle awaiting her. Her father had bought it as a surprise gift to his daughter for behaving so pluckily when his house was attacked by burglars.

[EDWARD JAMES ALLEN.]







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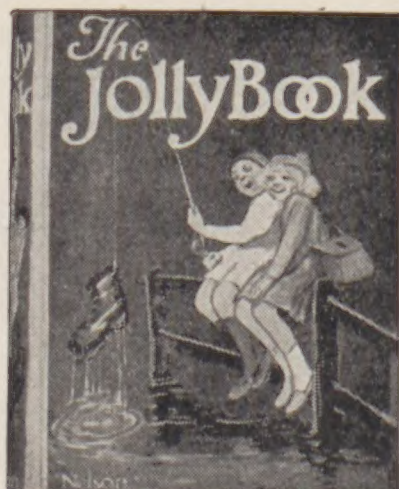
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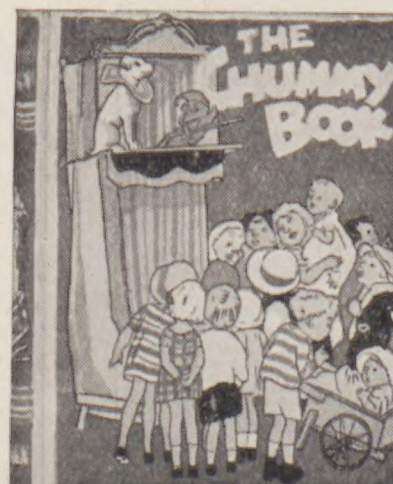
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**CHILDREN'S PAPER  
COMPETITION FORM. [Oct.**

Cut this out and attach it to any papers you may send in for Competition.

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